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# Miscellaneous Trifles

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By *MATHEW CAREY.*

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PHILADELPHIA:  
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1874

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THE  
SHIPWRECK.\*

*A FRAGMENT.*

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T I R E D with oppression in our native land, and in hopes of a better situation in America, two hundred of us, hale, hearty, and industrious, besides women and children, embarked at Londonderry, on board the \*\*\*\*\*<sup>2</sup>, bound for Philadelphia.

\* I wish I could soothe the reader's humanity, by informing him that this fragment is not the child of a sportive imagination. Unfortunately, it is literally true. The facts I had from one of the hapless sufferers. The dress alone is mine.

B

From the outset untoward accidents awaited us. We had not been ten days at sea, when our vessel sprung a leak, which, for a long time, baffled all our endeavours. At length, being discovered, it was stopped, and we esteemed ourselves secure.—Thoughtless mortals! the disappointment of to-day never produces the effect of preparing us for the calamity of to-morrow!

A gulf arose! the elements warred together, as if it were the “last groan of expiring nature.” The floodgates of heaven seemed loosed! dreadful peals of thunder rattled on the ear. The stoutest hearts were appalled. The forked lightning

struck our mast, and set the vessel on fire. Beset by two raging elements—the roaring billows, which lashed her sides, and seemed ready to swallow her and us, though they had appeared so terrific before—now lost their horrors, and were regarded—melancholy alternative!—as a less tremendous enemy than their new auxiliary.

With vast difficulty, the flame was extinguished—but not until it had rendered our vessel scarcely manageable. To complete the measure of our woes, our provisions fell short. A biscuit and a pint of water, fetid and almost as dense as glue, was the daily portion of each! Every morning saw two or three miserable wretches

heaved overboard, into a watry grave, in the presence of their dejected friends and relatives, each hourly expecting the hand of death to close his eyes, and free him from his abyss of misery,

“Father! father!” cries a once beautiful, but now emaciated child, whose visage bore irresistible evidence of near-approaching mortality, “get me a drink! I faint—I die!—for God’s sake let me have a drop of water to quench my thirst!”

“Captain, I beg a little water to save my child from death.”—“You have had your share for to-day, and shall have no more.”

“Brute! stranger to the tender feelings of nature—had you a child—but you are not worthy of having one—you would pity my present situation, and relieve me.”

The mother of the child, who had swooned away, just came to herself. She heard his plaintive cries. She joined her voice to his, and besought the father to procure the water.

Melancholy, anguish, and torture, seized the tender husband's—the tender father's soul. The big tear rolled down his cheek. “Gracious and all-powerful God! why visit your children with such calamities? Presumptuous man!” added he, recovering himself, “are you to dare scru-

“tinize the ways of unerring Provi-  
“ dence? Not my will, O Lord, but  
“ thine be done!”

He returned to the scene he had just quitted. His beloved child lay breathing his last. His wife had swooned away again. The sight was too afflictive. His agonies overpowered him. He went to the captain, whom he quarrelled with, struck. The blows were returned. He seized a sword; and the captain, rushing forward, received it in his breast. He closed his eyes for ever.

Disorder and confusion ensued in the vessel. The sailors plundered every thing they could lay their hands upon: and such was their irregularity



and carelessness, that they ran the vessel aground at Synapuxent, in the state of Maryland.

The sea ran mountains high. A skiff, with about twenty persons on board, was overfet by an enormous wave. The shrieks and piteous cries of men, women, and children, soon died away. They were swallowed up in one common grave. Most of the remainder were drowned in endeavouring to swim to land.

About thirty miserable wretches of us, gained the shore, some fortunate enough to save their property. We expected there to meet with relief and comfort. Fatal delusion! Had we been thrown ashore among the New

Zealanders, among the swarthy sons of Guinea, or among the rapacious Algerines, our fate could not have been more severe. We were cruelly plundered. Not a valuable article was left us—and we were reduced to beggary in a strange land, without a hope of redress.

Man! man! wretched, infatuated man! Can a sordid trifle tempt you thus to violate every rule of right and justice—to steel your heart against the feelings of humanity—and to be more cruel and noxious than the raging elements! Short is your day—and then all the vanities of this world will pass away—the veil that prevents your regarding objects in their true light,

will be removed—keen remorse will prey upon your tortured soul, and be an earnest of your future never-dying woe!

Rulers of America! Guard against this barbarity! make severe laws to punish the miscreants who may be guilty of it—and let a civic crown be awarded the man who ventures his own life to save that of a fellow-creature in the direst distress!

[From the Columbian Magazine, for September, 1786.]

THE  
COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.\*

FIRST NUMBER.

To catch the living manners as they rise.

---

EVERY writer, who has followed the career of the great Addison, has begun his numbers with a description of himself, his views, situation, &c. in order, at the commencement of the journey, to ingratiate himself into the favour of his fellow travellers.

\* From the American Museum, for Feb. 1791.

From this custom it would be considered equally improper to depart, as for a clergyman to begin a sermon without taking a text. To shew my respect, therefore, for the reader of my lucubrations, I shall give a prologue to the entertainment I am about to provide for him.

I am of a very ancient family, and have the honour to have some of the *inca* blood in my veins—being descended from the unfortunate Atabali-ba, who so miserably perished through the avarice and ignorance of Pizarro. By the female line I boast of an ancestor, the great Owen Roe O’Nial, the asserter of Irish liberty. My great grandfather, by the mother’s side,

came over to this country with the divine Penn, whose humane and tolerant spirit laid the foundation of so much happiness for the people of his province.

Notwithstanding the grandeur of my parentage, I drew my first breath in a small cottage at the foot of the Alleghany mountain. There, free as air, I imbibed from my early age all the ardour and patriotism of spirit usually generated by independence: for it is but too true, that

*Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat*

*Res angusta domi.*

With a few books, but those judiciously chosen by a watchful parent, I acquired a sense of the "Dignity of human nature." I saw, with religious gratitude and reverence, the vast and unparalleled advantages of our western hemisphere. I learned to despise the fopperies, the follies, and the pretended refinements of the old world. I enjoyed, with rapture, the boundless prospects of happiness and virtue, destined, as I hoped, for remote posterity, in these extensive regions.

From Alleghany's foot I removed to the metropolis of America, as Philadelphia proudly vaunts herself. I here observed manners prevailing,

which, when I had read of them, as European, I had despised. I saw a few, whose example must have a powerful influence, giving a taint to the general mass, and appearing anxious in endeavouring to accelerate the arrival of that degeneracy, which the patriot endeavours to delay as far as possible. These *observations*, it may be reasonably presumed, gave me pain. I dreaded that the asylum, so much boasted of, would be destroyed—and that from a spreading depravity, the state of America, the revolution of which “ had revived the hopes of good men, “ and promised an opening to better “ times, would become a discouragement to future efforts in favour of



“liberty, and prove only an opening  
“to a new scene of human degeneracy  
“and misery.”

And is there, thought I, no person to step forward, and endeavour to stem the torrent that is gradually sapping the foundation of morals and manners, and which, if suffered to proceed uninterruptedly, will bear down every thing valuable in its progress?

As I have ever conceived, that even the attempt to accomplish great objects is laudable, I chose rather to expose my own weakness, than be wanting to the public interest. I determined to communicate to my fellow citizens the *observations* I might occasionally make, in hopes of being

serviceable to the cause of virtue. Happy, too happy shall I be, if I become the humble instrument of shaming out of countenance any single one of the follies or vices, which are so carefully transplanted from their native soil, and which, like other ill weeds, flourish apace, and threaten to choke up the valuable plants.

Conscious of my inability, unassisted, to accomplish, to the extent I desire, the grand object I have in view, I have enlisted into the service a few aids de camp who will occasionally furnish their speculations. Hence will arise an agreeable diversity of stile and sentiment—and that sameness, so lia-

ble to disgust the reader, be prevented.

I invite every man, who is desirous to advance the best interests of society, to co-operate in this undertaking.— Personality and scurrility I despise, and shall avoid. But general satire, however severe, if calculated to answer good purposes, shall be always acceptable.

So many times have periodical essayists assumed the pen, and so great is the sameness of their subjects of discussion, that most of them are nearly exhausted :—and therefore much novelty is hardly to be expected. Ter-

ence said nearly two thousand years ago,

“Nullum est jam dictum, quod non dictum sit prius.”

If this were true then, the reader will probably excuse the want of very novel matter in his friend,

SIMON SPECTACLES.

Philad. Feb. 19, 1791.

## SECOND NUMBER.

## MODERN IMPROVEMENT.

“ When flatter’d crimes of a licentious age  
 Reproach our silence, and demand our rage ;  
 When purchas’d follies from each distant  
 land,  
 Improve so fast in young Columbia’s hand—  
 To chafe our spleen, when themes like these  
 increase,  
 Shall panegyric reign, and satire cease ?”

POPE.

THE *liberality* of manners and customs, daily introducing into our country, must afford the highest gratification to every lover of elegance and *refinement*. We are as rapidly as happily dissipating the *rust* and *prejudices* of past times, and, with a spirit of emulation beyond our years, copying

the *graces* and *virtues* of England, France, and Italy. To particularize every instance, in which we excel our ancestors, would require more time and room than I can now devote to the purpose—indeed, it would be beyond my abilities, to do justice to so capacious a subject. I shall, therefore, for the present, confine myself to one leading feature in modern manners, wherein their superiority to those of old times is too obvious not to command the assent of the most superficial observer.

The feature I mean, is the relaxation of the *odious restraints* so extremely disagreeable in the married state. Heretofore, when a man or

woman made choice of a partner for life, that partner was considered as entitled to the chief of his or her cares and attentions. Any breach of this rule was *ridiculously* regarded as a violation of the laws of decorum and propriety, which entailed discredit on the offending party. The husband gallanted his wife, to the theatre, to balls, to assemblies, to concerts, and to private parties. The *insipid monotony* of such a life must be to the last degree irksome and disgusting; as one of the highest gratifications of human nature is variety.

Behold! what a charming contrast is exhibited at present! In the fashionable world—(and must we not expect,

that this refinement will, in due season, like every other, descend to the lower classes?)—a man is proscribed from attending on his wife, or appearing in public with her. He may gratify his passion for variety by taking a new lady under his protection every day of his life. How ineffably agreeable, how delightful a change!

This will introduce, among its other advantages, an unusual degree of *harmony* in the married state. The chief cause, if we believe the writer of that *moral* and *edifying* comedy, the *school for scandal*, why ladies are so *refractory* and unmanageable with their husbands, is the consciousness of possessing—what? why that *ridicu-*



*lous, old fashioned* quality, called chastity—a quality, which, however suitable to the days of *ignorance* and *barbarism*, on the first settlement of this country, ought to be *entirely laughed out of countenance* at present. Every thing, therefore, that has a tendency to extirpate this troublesome quality, must be productive of peace and harmony. And I believe no man in his senses will deny, that the improvement in question will have the happiest tendency that could be wished, to banish chastity and all her *troublesome retinue* from our shores. Perhaps, they may fly for refuge among the Creek Indians, to the court of the puissant prince, Alexander M'Gil-

livray. Such antiquated beings are fit only for the uncultivated savages—they ought not to disgrace such an advanced state of civilization as we can boast.

“When a lady,” says Mr. Sheridan, the author of that *valuable comedy* I have already mentioned, “commits a TRIFLING *faux pas*, she grows cautious, and ready to *humour* and *agree* with her husband.\* This *excellent* and *religious* maxim, which I hope no person will controvert, establishes beyond a doubt my position, that this new mode will be productive of matrimonial concord.

\*School for Scandal—page 40, American edition.

Another of the benefits of this expansion of the human mind, is the catholicism it will introduce with respect to *children*. As a husband will not in future have the same degree of certainty, that his wife's children belong *properly speaking*, to himself, he will be no longer so *contemptibly* and *illiberally* contracted in his regards and cares of them, as parents used to be, in times of *prejudice*. Moreover, it is to be hoped and expected, that he will confer the *same favours* on his neighbours, as they on him. Hence, a *community of children* will be introduced among us, in a much more agreeable way, than that attempted in one of the old republics. How

charming, then, will it be, that a man may point out *likenesses of himself* in the houses of almost all his acquaintance! The political good tendency of this is equal to its beneficial-moral effects.

Among the French, that nation of gallantry and refinement, the *stiff starched* manners that have hitherto prevailed in this country, have been long exploded. A lady's bed-chamber, which here has been too generally considered as her *sanctum sanctorum*, impervious to every one but the *privileged husband*, there yields to the superior influence of fashion and gallantry. A gentleman has *free access* to it in the morning, before the lady

rises, and chooses it as the most proper place for making enquiries after her health. As the ladies universally paint there, perhaps this fashion was introduced in order to give the gentlemen an opportunity of *seeing*, before the application of the colours, what could not be seen afterwards—that is, the ladies' faces in their natural state. A lady, without the smallest embarrassment,

“ When from her sheets her lovely form  
she lifts,

“ She begs, you just would turn you, while  
she shifts.”\*

This *elegant, unconstrained* trait of

\* Young's love of fame.

manners, will, it is hoped, be adopted by our great people, who have so long and so happily distinguished themselves in the *honourable, independent, and patriotic* art of imitating the modes and manners of Europe,—which are so *wonderfully calculated* for this hemisphere.

The next step we have to take—and which will naturally follow—is the introduction of *cicesbeism* from the Italians. I have been much surpris'd that the French, who have always paid such particular attention to the refinement of morals and manners, have never borrowed this *admirable* custom from their transalpine neighbours. This is the more singular, as

it is materially connected with, and seems a necessary consequence of, the leading features of their matrimonial system. This is one proof, among thousands that might be produced, of nations in a [progressive state of improvement, stopping short, before they arrived at the *acme of perfection*. But I hope our moral and political career will not be thus disgracefully marked. I trust, as we receive here the hardy German, the vivacious Italian, the volatile Frenchman, the grave Englishman, the hospitable Irishman, and the industrious Scotchman; that we shall cull from the manners of these various nations, and

form one national system superior to that of any of them.

Consistently with this idea, from England we shall borrow the mode of *facilitating divorces*, from which the French and Italians are in some degree precluded, by a tenet of their religion, which prohibits a second marriage, until the death of one of the parties. But our mother country (mother let her be, in dictating our manners, as well as in having settled the continent) has rendered separation in the fashionable world as easy as could reasonably be desired. Thus, for instance, when a married pair become tired of each other, and the lady has chosen, among her *male friends*, a



future help-mate, with whose *talents* she is well acquainted, the three agree, that the wife and her gallant shall be found in such a situation, as to warrant a *suit for divorce*; which is immediately commenced—the parties are separated—and the lady triumphantly led to the altar by her paramour.

This is, in my humble opinion, the *ne plus ultra* of improvement in this way. Any attempts to change the system henceforward, must proceed in a retrograde direction. I am lost in astonishment and admiration at this important secret, reserved for this age of discovery. What inestimable consequences it must have, in a *political*

*moral*, and *religious* point of view, is very evident to even a Bæotian capacity.

One of the good effects of the modern system, which had almost escaped my notice, is the encouragement it will afford to the *honourable* and *useful* state of *celibacy*, which has so often mistakenly been the object of legislative vengeance, among nations of *contracted* manners. Many jealous pated fellows, who are incapable of sacrificing their *squeamish* sentiments at the shrine of fashion, will doubtless be fearful of embarking on the hymeneal ocean, lest,

‘ A brace of proud antlers their brows  
‘ should adorn.’

And thus we shall have a hardy race of bachelors, ready for any *service* their fair country-women may impose on them. The *advantages* arising hence, are too self-evident to require illustration. Many married men of my acquaintance can bear *feeling* testimony on this subject.

It is a distressing reflection to me, that I know not to whom the *credit* of introducing this fashion is justly due. Were I acquainted with the parties, I should pay them that tribute of *honour* and *reverence* which their conduct so richly deserves. But an enlightened posterity, while enjoying the benefits of this new system, will not be unmindful of them. Their

reputation will survive to the latest times. They will be classed with the *exalted* characters of other nations, who have had the undaunted resolution to defy the shafts of ridicule and satire, and spurn the shackles of shame, religion, morals, and manners.

Philadelphia, Feb. 21, 1791.

THE  
COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

FOURTH NUMBER.\*

*To Mr. Simon Spectacles.*



I HAVE read in your second number the ironical defence of the prevalent fashion in high life, of husbands not appearing in public with their wives. This fashion, which deserves the utmost reprobation, is pregnant with more and greater evils,

\* No. III. was written by a friend, and is therefore omitted.

than almost any other known in our country. I am happy you have animadverted on it—and hope it will, by the efforts of our writers, be proscribed from these states.

I beg leave to communicate to you a story, for the truth of which I pledge myself. It will place in a striking light the consequences to be dreaded from this pernicious custom, which we have but lately imported from the old world. It may happily open the eyes of some of our deluded people of rank, and enable them to discover the precipice they are preparing for the virtue and happiness of their country.

Maria Arnold was the daughter of a respectable merchant at Hartford, in Connecticut, and was, by bounteous providence, endowed with every accomplishment of head and heart, that could qualify her to act in the most exalted station. When arrived at sixteen years of age, her hand was sought after by numbers of the first rate characters in the city. Among the rest was Mr. Henry Winthrop, an eminent merchant, whose congeniality of disposition soon acquired her esteem and regard. After an acquaintance of a year, she received him on the footing of a lover; and in some months afterwards, they were

happily united together, at the hymeneal altar.

Become the wife of Mr. Winthrop, her virtues had a more extensive sphere of action—and expanded into the warmest affection for her husband—tenderness for her children (of whom she presented one to her husband every thirteen or fourteen months)—charity and regard for her domestics—benevolence and friendship for the circle of her acquaintance.

When she was in her twenty-seventh year, the happy mother of six children, esteemed and respected by all who knew her—beloved by her husband and children, the late war



broke out by the fatal engagement at Lexington. Mr. Winthrop, attached to the British government, and accustomed to look up to Great Britain with awe and reverence, could not relish the idea of resisting her power, which he regarded as a political sacrilege. He determined to make sale of his property, and retire to England. This design he speedily carried into execution—and arrived there early in the year 1777.

Possessed of an immense fortune—fond of high life—and allured by the attractions of the fashionable world, he commenced a career of gaiety and dissipation. The mutual attachment between him and his wife, which had

subsisted uninterruptedly, and had indeed acquired new force every year of their connection, while they remained in this country, was gradually weakened by the course of life they led in London. On his arrival, he paid the same kind of attention to his beloved partner, that he had been accustomed to. But he was told that it was a mere bore for a married man to gallant his wife—that he would be considered as a most unfashionable monster, should he be seen in her company in public—and that any appearance of fondness for her, if discovered, would subject him to the sneers and scorn of his acquaintance.

These lessons he found it very difficult to digest. His ardent love could not brook such disguise and dissimulation. For a long time, therefore, he remained unfashionable in this particular, and in sometimes bringing his children into company. But as incessant exhortations and incessant ridicule will turn almost any mortal from a purpose, however fixed; he at length gave way to fashion, and as cautiously avoided his wife's company in public, as he would the society of one of the furies.

Among the gentlemen who bestowed their cares and attentions on Mrs. Winthrop, whose beauty shone with most distinguished lustre, was Sir Joseph

Middleton, a man whose sole rule of conduct was the refined subtle system of Chesterfield. He had, on the plan of his master, sacrificed largely to the graces; and his sacrifices had not been in vain. To the attractions of a fine person, and enchanting address, he added a most refined and highly cultivated understanding. He had travelled—and engrafted the most elegant of the manners of France and Italy on those of England. Had not his heart been depraved by the seductions of fashion, he would have been an incomparable character. But into most of the vices of the times he entered—more, however, from a deter-

mination to be a fashionable man, than from the impulse of inclination.

From the moment that Sir Joseph singled out Mrs. Winthrop as the object of his gallantry, she rejected the rest of the surrounding crowd. To Vauxhall, to plays, to assemblies, to court, he daily led her, and, before many months had elapsed, almost entirely eradicated from her mind every trace of love or affection for her husband.

Still was she virtuous even in thought. She did not know, or allow herself to believe, the hold Sir Joseph daily gained on her affections. He saw clearly, that to proceed with any hopes of success, it would be necessary to proceed with caution. Had he, in

an early stage of their acquaintance, even hinted at his real intentions, she would have spurned him from her with the most profound disdain and contempt. But this he carefully avoided, until he was fully assured of his conquest. When this was the case, he only lay in wait for an opportunity to perpetrate his black designs.

And here, Mr Observer, allow me to pause for a moment, and recal your attention to the former situation of this lovely but falling angel. When possessed of virtue, she would have been an ornament to a throne—for as the poet justly observes,

- “ Virtue is beauty—but when charms of  
mind,  
“ With elegance of outward form are  
join’d—  
“ When youth makes such bright objects  
still more bright—  
“ And fortune sets them in the strongest  
light—  
“ ’Tis all below of heaven we may view,  
“ And all but adoration is their due.”

But now her mind is in part depraved—the remainder of Sir Joseph’s vile triumph will cost him little trouble.

One night at a masquerade ball, he artfully prevailed on her to drink pretty freely of an intoxicating cordial, which, aided by the heat and inflammation of her blood, occasioned by

dancing, soon ascended her head, and deprived her of her faculties. On her return homewards, he gave the coachman directions to stop at the house of an infamous minister of his pleasures. Here, taking advantage of her helpless situation, and vowing eternal love and secrecy, he robbed her of that inestimable jewel, which no tears, no repentance can ever restore to lost, undone woman.

Sunk now into the depths of infamy, she felt, for a time, the keenest remorse for the crime she had been guilty of. But Sir Joseph took too much pains, not to remove her anxiety. Frequent repetitions rendered her so callous and unconcerned, that



her guilt soon became public, and at length reached Mr. Winthrop's ears. This roused him from the lethargy into which his blind pursuit of a preposterous fashion had thrown him. By the agency of a trusty servant, he gained information of an assignation between them. He went to the place, and was on the point of surprising them, but, notwithstanding all his vigilance, a confidante of his wife's gave her notice of his approach, so early as just to allow Sir Joseph time to escape by a back window. However, he left behind him his hat and part of his clothes, which afforded sufficient proofs of his villainy, and of the guilt of Mrs. Winthrop.

The injured husband, in the first moments of his rage, was on the point of sacrificing her to his just resentment. But an instant's reflection made him determine not to imbrue his hands in female blood. He resolved to take vengeance of the adulterer—and next morning sent him a challenge, which was accepted. They met. They fought. Mr. Winthrop received a mortal wound—and expired, expressing his sorrow at having launched into such a scene of dissipation, which had destroyed his happiness—blasted his wife's reputation irretrievably—and hurried himself into an untimely grave.

This dreadful catastrophe nearly brought her to a sense of her infamy.—She cast a retrospective eye on the scenes which she had passed through—she bewailed the deplorable gulph in which she was swallowed up—and made many strong resolutions of reformation, which, for a short time, she endeavoured to carry into effect. But Sir Joseph renewed his efforts to replunge her into her former condition. For a time he was unsuccessful. But at length, when the poignancy of her grief was somewhat abated, and her contrition proportionably diminished, she listened again to his insinuations—and was prevailed upon to accept the hand of the

murderer of her husband, who now calls her his. They are immerfed in all the fcenes of profligacy and vice, which the capital of England affords—and I think you will allow, they furnish an awful lesson of the danger of adopting modish manners, and of departing from the paths of honour and rectitude. L. M.

*March 16, 1791.*

P. S. I fhould have mentioned to you, that her eldeft daughter, neglected and forfaken by her parents, was laft year feduced by a lord, with whom ſhe lives as his miſtreſs—her ſecond ran away with a dancing maſter, and her third with a hair-dreſſer.

[From the Pennsylvania Evening Herald,  
April 2, 1785.]

=

## FUNDING-BILL.

————— “Constable shall seize, and take into his possession, such and so much of the goods, chattles and effects of said delinquent, as shall be necessary.”—“And if sufficient effects cannot be found, whereon to make distrefs, such constable shall take the body of any such delinquent, and deliver him or *her* to the sheriff, or keeper of the county jail, who shall detain such delinquent in close custody, without bail or mainprize, until payment made.”\*

————— “**I**S this, good God!” exclaimed I, “is this freedom? Is this what we have been so long contending for? Is this the fruit of a seven

\* See the funding-bill of the state of Pennsylvania, section 39.

years war? Farewell to heaven-born Liberty!"——

A cynical old man, who sat in a corner, his eyes half shut, and enveloped in the smoke which he emitted from his mouth, in large volumes, knocking the dust out of his pipe, and staring me stedfastly in the face, asked me if I had read Sidney, Locke, Price, or any of the other celebrated writers on the subject of liberty, and if I understood what was the real import of the word? My mind being somewhat untuned, and not choosing to enter the lists of controversy with a genius who had so forbidding an appearance as that which presented itself to my view, I replied in the ne-

gative. He then entered into a most elaborate disquisition on the nature of liberty—said that self-taxation was its very sum and essence—and was proceeding in a most copious and fluent harangue, when, wishing to indulge a little reflection, I called the waiter, desired him to pay himself out of a dollar, for the coffee I had just drank—wished the haranguer a good day—and returned home——

Here, when I became a little composed, I endeavoured to picture to my imagination the numbers who must inevitably taste of *the bitter cup of misery* “by virtue of this act.” Seizures, vendues, imprisonments, crouded on my mind without end—While

I was in this sympathetic frame of thought, the case of an unfortunate foldier, my bosom friend, my Pylades, suggested itself to my perturbed imagination.

My Pylades, as I used to call him, in return for the name of Orestes, with which he honoured me, had borne the fatigues and hardships, the hunger and thirst, of a seven years war—had been in almost all the principal engagements—had been several times taken prisoner, and put on board guard-ships, where he experienced what would have destroyed perhaps any other man——In all these various scenes, these vicissitudes of for-



tune, he had conducted himself with a heroism, a magnanimity, which would put to shame the vounted fables of antiquity—After having undergone all this, he had, a few days previous to the termination of the war, fallen in defence of that country, whose rights and liberties he prized more than existence itself.—A tender spouse and six lisping children, the eldest not eight years old, would, in a short space, have been blest with his presence, had not a fiend, in shape of an Indian, cut short his precious life——

Ifabella, ill fated Ifabella, the partner of all his joys, and solace of all his cares, was panting in hourly expectation of his long wished for return:—

her tender heart throbbed with every breath of wind, and the smallest motion, which flattered her with the delusive hope of embracing once more the lord of her soul;—never! never! to be realized!—

Notwithstanding every possible precaution was taken to prepare her for the direful news, in order to avoid the consequences to be feared from an abrupt disclosure of her woe, she sunk lifeless on her couch, when the luckless tidings reached her ear, doomed never to hear a sound of joy!—One fit followed close on the heels of another for two days successively—and at length, the extreme violence of her grief having somewhat subsided, she fell

into that state of torpor and apathy, which too often succeeds the paroxysms of madness and despair.

Her only not-adored Pylades had expended the little patrimony he was in possession of, in support of the cause of freedom and America—She was therefore left, in every sense of the word, desolate; and the small provision she was entitled to, as a recompense for his services, was totally inadequate to the support of herself and tender offspring!—

And perhaps, says I, in some short time hence, the amiable, the engaging Isabella, with accomplishments to adorn a crown, and to soften and harmonize barbarity itself in human shape,

perhaps she shall feel the relentless hand of some harpy catchpole, “by virtue of the funding bill”——The melancholy train of reflection into which this threw me, made me sink into a reverie, in which I conceived Isabella was assessed at a sum, trivial indeed to persons in affluence, but enormous to her—I beheld her borne down by the weight of affliction, lying on the bed of sickness, without a being to administer comfort to her, except her dear children, the only objects of her care, on whom she cast many a wishful eye, recommending them to the care of her omnipotent Creator——

Thus afflicted, thus forlorn, thus woe begone, a man of uncouth form, in the guise of a COLLECTOR, made

his appearance—"Madam," he says, "I come for ten dollars, the sum at which you have been assessed by virtue of a late act of assembly"—With faltering accents, and pallid countenance, she articulated an assurance, that "if her life was at stake for a tenth of that sum, she must incur the forfeit"—"Well, madam," said he, "with a perfect *sang froid*, darting a most ferocious look at the heart-broken mourner, you must abide the consequences."

After a tedious interval of forty days, the collector made his return to a justice of peace, who directly, without enquiry, issued his warrant to a constable to distress and distrain, and

in default, to take the body of the DELINQUENT into custody——

    Methought I beheld this stone-hearted constable possess himself of every article the house contained—— while Isabella lay dissolved in a trance into which his unseasonable appearance, and rough, savage behaviour had cast her——the two eldest of her young ones, wailing and lamenting around her, and the others gazing, with childish astonishment, at a scene, the horrors of which they were totally incapable of conceiving.

    A few days after seizure, a public vendue converted her little furniture to money, but so destitute had she been, that there was a deficiency in

the sum at which she had been assessed.——

My heart sunk within me, on contemplating the dreadful catastrophe, which closed the melancholy tragedy;——

The constable, with a posse, came and seized the unfortunate delinquent! He dragged her, half dead with affliction, distress, and despair, through the streets, to a loathsome jail. Here she was reduced to have recourse to a bed of straw! She, who had been accustomed to the endearments, the care, the attention, of a fond, an adoring husband, whose chief study had been to anticipate her every wish, was now, sad reverse! without a being to

hand her a draught of water, to allay the burning heat of a fever, which had seized and was preying on her— And in a few days, DEATH came to her relief, and called away her angelic soul, to those regions of never-ending happiness, which God has prepared for those he loves. Her breath was closed in prayers for her infants, and for the forgiveness of her persecutors!

Gracious Power! (ejaculated I) that watchest over the transactions of this sublunary world, how many such scenes will a short time realize, perhaps in every corner of the state!— Is the “asylum” which, we fondly flattered ourselves, had been prepared “for the distressed and persecuted of



“all nations,” destroyed?—Is the pleasing illusion vanished? Have we been but dreaming of felicity, and do we now awake to mere “*vanity and vexation of spirit?*”——Have we all this while been but making a transition, from one tyranny to another——And is there to be no freedom, no happiness, this side the grave!

## HIBERNICUS,

[From the *Columbian Magazine*,  
Sept. 1786.]

=

SKETCH of the Life of the late NATHANIEL GREENE, Major General of the Forces of the United States of America.

THIS gallant officer, whose death is so generally and so justly regretted, was born in the town of Warwick, Kentcounty, Rhode-Island, in or about the year 1741, and was the second son of a respectable citizen of the same name, (descended from one of the first settlers of the colony) who was extensively concerned in lucrative iron-works, the property of which, at his death, (prior to the war) he left to his children.

The General was endowed with an uncommon degree of judgment and penetration, which, with a benevolent manner and affable behaviour, acquired him a number of valuable friends, by whose interest and influence, he was, at an early period of life, chosen a member of the assembly of the then colony of Rhode-Island. This trust, in which he gave the highest satisfaction to his constituents, he continued to possess, until, and at, the period, when the folly and madness of England severed a world from her empire.

After the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord, when a spirit of resistance spread, like wild-fire, over the

continent, Rhode-island was not deficient in her contributions for the general defence. She raised three regiments of militia, the command whereof was given to Mr. Greene, who was nominated brigadier-general. The liberty, safety, and prosperity of his country being exposed to imminent danger, the pacific principles of quakerism, in which he had been educated, proved insufficient to repress the ardent spirit of liberty with which his bosom glowed.

He led the troops under his command to Cambridge, and was present at the evacuation of Boston by a force which, in England had been vauntingly stated as treble the number that

would be requisite to dragoon America into unconditional submission.

General Greene's merit and abilities, as well in the council as in the field, were not long unnoticed by general Washington, who reposed in him the utmost confidence, and paid a particular deference to his advice and opinion, on all occasions of doubt and difficulty. This excited the jealousy of several officers, of older date and higher rank, who were not wanting in endeavours to supplant him: but in vain—the commander in chief knew and prized his worth as it deserved.

He was appointed major-general by congress, the 26th of August, 1776. Towards the close of that year, he

was at the Trenton surprize; and, at the beginning of the next, was at the battle of Princeton, two enterprizes not more happily planned than judiciously and bravely executed, in both of which he displayed his talents, serving his noviciate under the American Fabius.

At the battle of Brandywine, general Greene distinguished himself by supporting the right wing of the American army, when it gave way, and judiciously covering the whole, when routed and retreating in confusion; and their safety from utter ruin was generally ascribed to his skill and exertions, which were well seconded by the troops under his command.

At the battle of Germantown, he commanded the left wing of the American army—and his utmost endeavours were exerted to retrieve the fortune of that day, in which his conduct met with the approbation of the commander in chief.

In March, 1778, he was appointed quarter-master general, which office he accepted under a stipulation that his rank in the army should not be affected by it, and that he should retain his right to command in time of action, according to his rank and seniority.

In this station, he fully answered the expectations formed of his abilities; and enabled the American army to

move with additional celerity and vigour.

At the battle of Monmouth, the commander in chief, disgusted with the behaviour of general Lee, deposed him in the field of battle, and appointed general Greene to command the right wing, where he greatly contributed to retrieve the errors of his predecessor, and to the subsequent event of the day.

About the middle of the year 1778, an attack being planned by the Americans, in conjunction with the French fleet, on the British garrison at Newport, Rhode-island, general Sullivan was appointed to the command, under whom general Greene served. This



attempt was unsuccessful. The French fleet having failed out of harbour, to engage lord Howe's fleet, they were dispersed by a storm, and the Americans were obliged to raise the siege of Newport; in doing which general Greene displayed a great degree of skill in drawing off the army in safety.

After the hopes of the British generals to execute some decisive stroke to the northward, were frustrated, they turned their attention to the southern states, as less capable of defence, and more likely to reward the invaders with ample plunder. A grand expedition was, in consequence, planned at New-York, where the army embarked on the 26th of December,

1779, and landed on the 11th of February, 1780, within about thirty miles of Charleston, which, after a brave defence, was surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton, on the 12th of May.

A series of ill success followed this unfortunate event. The American arms in South Carolina were in general unsuccessful, and the inhabitants were obliged to submit to the invaders, whose impolitic severity was extremely ill calculated to answer any of the objects for which the war had been commenced.

Affairs were thus circumstanced, when general Washington appointed general Greene to the command of

the American forces in the southern district. He arrived at Charlotte, on the second day of December, 1780, accompanied by gen. Morgan, a brave officer, who had distinguished himself to the northward, in the expedition against Burgoyne. He found the forces he was to command, reduced to a very small number, by defeat and by desertion. The returns were nine hundred and seventy continentals, and one thousand and thirteen militia. Military stores, provisions, forage, and all things necessary, were, if possible, in a more reduced state than his army. His men were without pay, and almost without clothing; and supplies of the latter were not to be had but from

a distance of two hundred miles. In this perilous and embarrassed situation, he had to oppose a respectable and victorious army. Fortunately for him, the conduct of some of the friends of royalty obliged numbers, otherwise disposed to remain neuter, to take up arms in their own defence. This and the prudent measures the general took for removing the innumerable difficulties and disadvantages he was surrounded with, and for conciliating the affections of the inhabitants, soon brought together a considerable force, far inferior, however, to that of the British, who esteemed the country perfectly subjugated.

After he had recruited his forces, with all the friends to the revolution that he could assemble, he sent a considerable detachment, under general Morgan, to the western extremities of the state, to protect the well disposed inhabitants from the ravages of the tories. This force, which was the first that had for a considerable time appeared there, on the side of the Americans, inspired the friends of liberty with new courage, so that numbers of them crowded to the standard of general Morgan. He at length became so formidable, that lord Cornwallis thought proper to send colonel Tarleton to dislodge him from the station he had taken.

This officer was at the head of a thousand regular troops, and had two field pieces. He came up, on the 17th of January, 1781, at a place called Cowpens, with general Morgan, whose force was much inferior, and was composed of two-thirds militia, and one-third continentals. An engagement was the immediate consequence.

The brevity of this sketch will not permit me to go into a detail of the dispositions made on either side. Let it suffice to say, that the brave Morgan gained a complete victory over an officer, the rapidity and success of whose attacks, until that time, might have entitled him to make use of the declaration of Cæsar, "*veni, vidi,*"

*vici.*” Upwards of five hundred of the British laid down their arms, and were made prisoners—a very considerable number was killed. Eight hundred stands of arms, two field-pieces, and thirty-five baggage-waggons fell into the hands of the victors, who had only twelve killed, and sixty wounded.

This brilliant success quite disconcerted the plan of operations formed by lord Cornwallis. Having entertained no idea of any enemy to oppose in South Carolina, the conquest of which he had deemed complete, he had made every preparation for carrying his arms to the northward, to gather the laurels, which he imagined awaited for him. He now found him-

self obliged to postpone this design. He marched with rapidity after general Morgan, in hopes not only to recover the prisoners, but to revenge Tarleton's losses. The Americans, by a rapidity of movements, and the interference of providence,\* eluded his

\* "The British urged the pursuit with  
"so much rapidity, that they came to the  
"ford of the Catawba on the evening of  
"the same day on which the Americans  
"had crossed it. Before the next day, a hea-  
"vy fall of rain rendered it impassable.—  
"Had it risen a few hours earlier, the  
"Americans would have had no chance of  
"escape, and their prisoners would have  
"been retaken by the enemy. Some time  
"after, the same providential interference  
"took place in passing the Yadkin. A  
"sudden and rapid rise, after the Ameri-  
"cans had crossed, prevented lord Corn-  
"wallis from getting over." [Vide Ram-  
say, Vol. II, p. 206, 208.]



efforts, and general Greene effected a junction of the two divisions of his little army, on the 7th of February. Still was he so far inferior to lord Cornwallis, that he was obliged to retreat northward, and, notwithstanding the vigilance and activity of his enemy, he brought his men in safety into Virginia.

In this state he received some reinforcements, and had the promise of more—on which he returned again into North Carolina, where, on their arrival, he hoped to be able to act on the offensive. He encamped in the vicinity of lord Cornwallis's army.—By a variety of the best concerted manœuvres, and by the secrecy and

promptitude of his motions, he so judiciously supported the arrangement of his troops, that during three weeks, while the enemy remained near him, he prevented them from taking any advantage of their superiority, and even cut off all opportunity of their receiving succours from the royalists.

About the beginning of March, he effected a junction with a continental regiment, and two considerable bodies of Virginia and Carolina militia. He then determined on attacking the British commander without loss of time, "being persuaded," as he declared in his subsequent dispatches, "that if he was successful, it would prove

“ruinous to the enemy—and, if otherwise, that it would be but a partial evil to him.” On the 14th he arrived at Guilford court-house, the British then lying at twelve miles distance.

His army consisted of about four thousand five hundred men, of whom near two thirds were North Carolina and Virginia militia. The British were about two thousand four hundred, all regular troops, and the greater part inured to toil and service in their long expedition under lord Cornwallis, who, on the morning of the 15th, being apprized of general Greene's intentions, marched to meet him. The latter disposed his army in three

lines; the militia of North Carolina were in front—the second line was composed of those of Virginia,—and the third, which was the flower of the army, was formed of continental troops, near fifteen hundred in number. They were flanked on both sides by cavalry and riflemen, and were posted on a rising ground, a mile and a half from Guilford Court House.

The engagement commenced at half an hour after one o'clock, by a brisk cannonade. After which the British advanced in three columns, and attacked the first line, composed, as has been observed, of North Carolina militia. These, who, probably, had

never been in action before, were panic struck at the approach of the enemy, and many of them ran away without firing a gun, or being fired upon, and even before the British had come nearer than 140 yards to them. Part of them, however, fired, but they then followed the example of their comrades. Their officers made every possible effort to rally them—but neither the advantages of their position, nor any other consideration, could induce them to maintain their ground. This shameful cowardice had a great effect upon the issue of the battle. The next line, however, behaved much better. They fought with great bravery; and after they were thrown into dis-

order, rallied, returned to the charge, and kept up a heavy fire for a long time, but were at length broken, and driven on the third line, when the engagement became general, very severe, and very bloody. At length, superiority of discipline carried the day from superiority of numbers. The conflict endured an hour and a half, and was terminated by general Greene's ordering a retreat, when he perceived, that the enemy were on the point of encircling his troops.

This was a hard-fought action. Lord Cornwallis stated his losses in killed, wounded, and missing, at 532, among whom were several officers of considerable rank. To those who are used

to consider the thousands killed in the plains of Germany, very frequently without producing any visible consequence on the fate of a war, the number here mentioned must appear insignificant. But this battle was, nevertheless, decisive in its consequences. Lord Cornwallis was, three days after, obliged to make a retrograde motion, and to return to Wilmington, situated two hundred miles from the place of action. He was even under the necessity of abandoning a considerable number of those who were most dangerously wounded.

The loss of the Americans was about four hundred killed and wounded. However, this was not so severely

felt, as the desertion of a considerable number of militia, who fled homewards, and came no more near the army.

Some time after this engagement, general Greene determined to return to South-Carolina, to endeavour to expel the British from that state. His first object was to attempt the reduction of Camden, where lord Rawdon was posted with about nine hundred men. The strength of this place, which was covered on the south and east sides by a river and a creek, and to the westward and northward, by six redoubts, rendered it impracticable to carry it by storm, with the small army general Greene had, consisting of



about seven hundred continentals. He, therefore, encamped at about a mile from the town, in order to prevent supplies from being brought in, and to take advantage of such favourable circumstances as might occur.

Lord Rawdon's situation was extremely delicate. Colonel Watson, whom he had some time before detached for the protection of the eastern frontiers, and to whom he had, on intelligence of general Greene's intentions, sent orders to return to Camden, was so effectually watched by general Marián, that it was impossible for him to obey. His lordship's supplies were, moreover, very precarious:—and,

Should general Greene's reinforcements arrive, he might be so closely invested, as to be at length obliged to surrender. In this dilemma, the best expedient that suggested itself, was a bold attack ; for which purpose he armed his musicians and drummers, and every person capable of carrying a musquet. He sallied out on the twenty-fifth of April, and attacked general Greene in his camp. The defence was obstinate, and, for some part of the engagement, the advantage appeared to be in favour of America.—Lieutenant colonel Washington, who commanded the cavalry, had at one time not less than two hundred British prisoners. However, by the misconduct

of one of the American regiments, victory was snatched from general Greene, who was compelled to retreat. He lost in the action about two hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners.—Lord Rawdon lost two hundred and fifty eight.

There was a great similarity between the consequences of the affair at Guilford, and those of this action. In the former, lord Cornwallis was successful—but was obliged to retreat two hundred miles from the scene of action, and for a time abandon the grand object of penetrating to the northward. In the latter, lord Rawdon had the honour of the field, but was shortly after reduced to the neces-

sity of abandoning his post, and leaving behind him a number of sick and wounded.

The evacuation of Camden, with the vigilance of general Greene, and of the several officers he employed, gave a new face to affairs in South Carolina, where the British ascendancy declined more rapidly than it had been established. The numerous forts, garrisoned by the enemy, fell, one after the other, into the hands of the Americans. Orangeburg, Motte, Watson, Georgetown, Granby, and all the others, fort Ninety-six excepted, were surrendered; and a very considerable number of prisoners of war, with mili-

tary stores and artillery, were found in them.

On the 22d of May, general Greene sat down before Ninety-six, with the main part of his little army. The siege was carried on for a considerable time with great spirit: and the place was defended with equal bravery. At length, the works were so far reduced, that a surrender must have been made in a few days, when a reinforcement, of three regiments, from Europe, arrived at Charleston, which enabled lord Rawdon to proceed to relieve this important post. The superiority of the enemy's force, reduced general Greene to the alternative of abandoning the siege altogether.

ther, or, previous to their arrival, of attempting the fort by storm. The latter was more agreeable to his enterprising spirit: and an attack was made on the morning of the 29th of June. He was repulsed, with the loss of one hundred and fifty men. He raised the siege, and retreated over the Saluda.

Dr. Ramsay, to whom the writer of this sketch is indebted, for most of the facts herein contained, speaking of the state of affairs about this period, says,—“truly distressing was the situation of the American army: when in the grasp of victory, to be obliged to expose themselves to a hazardous assault, and afterwards to abandon the siege: when they were nearly masters

of the whole country, to be compelled to retreat to its extremity : after subduing the greatest part of the force sent against them, to be under the necessity of encountering still greater reinforcements, when their remote situation precluded them from the hope of receiving a single recruit—in this gloomy situation, there were not wanting persons who advised general Greene to leave the state, and retire with his remaining forces to Virginia. To arguments and suggestions of this kind he nobly replied—‘ I will recover the country, or die in the attempt.’ This distinguished officer, whose genius was most vigorous in those extremities, when feeble minds

abandon themselves to despair, adopted the only resource, now left him, of avoiding an engagement, until the British force should be divided."

Some skirmishes, of no great moment, took place between detached parties of both armies in July and August. September the 9th, general Greene having assembled about two thousand men, proceeded to attack the British, who, under the command of col. Stewart, were posted at Eutaw Springs. The American force was drawn up in two lines: the first, composed of Carolina militia, was commanded by generals Marian and Pickens, and col. De Malmédy.—The second, which consisted of con-



tinental troops from North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, was commanded by general Sumpter, lieutenant-col. Campbell, and colonel Williams; lieutenant-colonel Lee, with his legion, covered the right flank; and lieutenant-colonel Henderfon, with the state troops, covered the left. A corps de reserve was formed of the cavalry, under lieutenant-colonel Washington, and the Delaware troops under capt. Kirkwood. As the Americans came forward to the attack, they fell in with some advanced parties of the enemy, at about two or three miles a-head of the main body. These being closely pursued, were driven back—and the action soon became general.

The militia were at length forced to give way, but were bravely supported by the second line. In the hottest part of the engagement, gen. Greene ordered the Maryland and Virginia continentals to charge with trailed arms. This decided the fate of the day. "Nothing," says dr. Ramsay, "could surpass the intrepidity of both officers and men on this occasion.— They rushed on, in good order, thro' a heavy cannonade, and a shower of musquetry, with such unshaken resolution, that they bore down all before them." The British were broken, closely pursued, and upwards of five hundred of them taken prisoners — They however made a fresh stand, in

a favourable position, in impenetrable shrubs and a picquetted garden. Lieutenant-colonel Washington, after having made every effort to dislodge them, was wounded and taken prisoner. Four six pounders were brought forward to play upon them, but they fell into their hands; and the endeavours to drive them from their station being found impracticable, the Americans retired, leaving a strong picquet on the field of battle. Their loss was about five hundred; that of the British upwards of eleven hundred.

General Greene was honoured by congress with a British standard, and a gold medal, emblematical of the

engagement and success, “for his wife, decisive, and magnanimous conduct, in the action at Eutaw springs, in which, with a force inferior in number to that of the enemy, he obtained a most signal victory.”

In the evening of the succeeding day, colonel Stewart abandoned his post, and retreated towards Charleston, leaving behind upwards of seventy of his wounded, and a thousand stands of arms. He was pursued a considerable distance—but in vain.

The battle of Eutaw produced most signal consequences in favour of America. The British, who had for such a length of time lorded it absolutely in South Carolina, were, shortly after

that event, obliged to confine themselves in Charleston, whence they never ventured but to make predatory excursions, with bodies of cavalry, which in general met with a very warm and very unwelcome reception.

During the relaxation that followed, a dangerous plot was formed, by some turbulent and mutinous persons in the army, to deliver up their brave general to the British. This treasonable design owed its rise to the hardships, wants, and calamities of the soldiers, who were ill paid, ill clothed, and ill fed. The conspirators did not exceed twelve in number: and a providential discovery defeated the project.

The surrender of lord Cornwallis, whose enterprising spirit had been by the British ministry expected to repair the losses, and wipe away the disgrace, which had been incurred through the inactivity and indolence of other generals, having convinced them of the impracticability of subjugating America, they discontinued offensive operations in every quarter. From the beginning of the year 1782, it was currently reported, that Charleston was speedily to be evacuated : it was officially announced the seventh of August ; but did not take place until the seventeenth of December.

The happy period at length arrived, when, by the virtue and bravery of her sons, aided by the bounty of heaven, America compelled her invaders to recognise her independence. Then her armies, quitted the tented fields, and retired to cultivate the arts of peace and happiness. Among the rest, general Greene revisited his native country, where he proved himself as valuable a citizen, as the Carolinas had witnessed him a gallant officer. Dissensions and jealousies had extended their destructive influence among the Rhode Islanders, whose animosity had arisen to such a degree, as to threaten the most serious ill consequences: general Greene exerted

himself to restore harmony and peace among them once more; and was happily successful.

In October, 1785, he failed to Georgia, where he had a considerable estate, not far distant from Savannah. Here he passed away his time, occupied in his domestic concerns, until the hour of his mortality approached. Walking out one day in June 1786, he was overpowered by the extreme heat of the sun, which brought on a disorder that carried him off, a few days after, on the 19th of the same month.

When the melancholy account of his death arrived at Savannah, the people were struck with the deepest



ferrow. All business was suspended. The shops and stores throughout the town were shut : and the shipping in the harbour had their colours half-masted.

The body was brought to Savannah, and interred on the 20th. The funeral procession was attended by the Cincinnati, militia, &c. &c.

Immediately after the interment of the corpse, the members of the Cincinnati retired to the coffee-house in Savannah, and came to the following resolution :

“ That as a token of the high respect and veneration in which this society hold the memory of their late illustrious brother, major-general

H

Greene, deceased, George Washington Greene, his eldest son, be admitted a member of this society, to take his seat on his arriving at the age of 18 years."

General Greene left behind him a wife, and five children, the eldest of whom was about 11 years old.

On Tuesday the 12th of August, the United States in Congress assembled came to the following resolution :

"That a monument be erected to the memory of Nathaniel Greene, esq. at the seat of the federal government, with the following inscription :—

Sacred to the memory of

NATHANIEL GREENE, Esq.

who departed this life, the 19th of June, 1786,

LATE MAJOR-GENERAL

in the service of the United States,  
and commander of their army in the  
southern department.

The United States in Congress assembled,

in honour of his

patriotism, valour, and ability,

have erected

THIS MONUMENT;

## THOUGHTS

On the Policy of encouraging Migration.

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AMIDST an exuberant variety of fanciful and new-fangled opinions, lately obtruded on the public, and defended with all the dexterity that casuistry can afford, there is none more absurd than that of those persons who decry and endeavour to prevent the migration of Europeans to America. A paragraphist, in one of the late papers, in support of such conduct, tells us that “water and oil may as easily be made to unite as the subjects of monarchies with the citizens of the republics of America.”—An intelli-

gent reader must find it difficult to decide which is the more contemptible of the two, the illiberality of such an idea, or the gross ignorance of the writer, who dared to advance a falsehood, which a school-boy could detect. Under what form of government was the gallant Montgomery born and educated? Under "a monarchy." The marquis de la Fayette, the marquis de Rochambeau, baron Steuben, baron de Kalb, count Pulaski, count d'Estaing, general Mercer, general Stewart, general Gates, and an innumerable band of other heroes and patriots, whose exploits during the late war, have immortalized their names, and must, in these states, render them

sacred to the latest posterity, have  
 “ *united with the citizens of these repub-*  
 “ *lics,*” and been efficaciously instru-  
 mental in establishing their founda-  
 tions, although they were the “ *sub-*  
 “ *jects of monarchies.*” Nine-tenths of  
 the first settlers of North-America,  
 and of all the emigrants who have  
 since arrived here, were “ *subjects of*  
 “ *monarchies.*” To pass from this  
 western hemisphere, let us touch upon  
 the bright constellation of worthies  
 who grace the annals of liberty in the  
 old world—Let us contemplate and  
 emulate the virtues of Brutus, the  
 scourge of the Tarquins; Tell, the  
 deliverer of Switzerland; Doria, the  
 deliverer of Genoa; Gustavus Vasa,

the deliverer of Sweden; Paoli, the hero of Corsica; Hambden, Sidney, Price, Montesquieu, Raynal, Beccaria, and thousands of others, whose bosoms have been warmed with as pure and hallowed a spirit of liberty, benevolence, and philanthropy, as ever animated the most zealous republican. These have been the "*subjects of monarchies,*" or (still worse) archducal, ducal, or aristocratical tyrannies. Yet who is there in "*these republics,*" that would not esteem it the summit of his ambition to merit and attain the reputation they have justly acquired?

This *sage* politician asks in a triumphant style, "How few of the men

“ who have come among us since the  
“ peace, have assimilated to our man-  
“ ners and government?” With much  
more foundation and justice may it be  
demanded, how few are they who  
have not thus assimilated themselves?  
. . . . . Had “ *the subjects of monar-*  
“ *chies,*” who have given this genius  
so much uneasiness, been excluded  
from these shores, the aborigines  
would have possessed them to this day  
unmolested. If no plants are to be  
grafted on the old stock, but such as  
“ *source*” from republican extraction,  
vain have been the endeavours of the  
American Solon and his coadjutors,  
who framed the constitution, and  
wisely in that held out inducements to



migration. Few, alas! are the republics of Europe: and from those few, emigration is extremely rare. And it may be made a question, whether the abject slaves or lordly aristocrats of Venice or Genoa, would be much more eligible persons to naturalize here, than the "*subjects of monarchies,*" however despotic. Those Germans to whom Pennsylvania owes so much with respect to agriculture, improvements, industry, and opulence, were transplanted from the most despotic soils. Here they became meliorated, and have furnished some of the most active and zealous friends and supporters of America's independence. The same will hold equally true of those

numerous swarms of Irishmen, who both before and during the arduous struggle, came into this country.— Their valour and conduct were displayed by sea and land—and history will bear the most honourable testimony of their heroism.

What then becomes of the random assertions of this writer? What end can he propose to answer but to divide the people of this country, and create dissensions and ill blood between the old citizens, and those who are on every occasion spoken of with a kind of supercilious and impertinent obloquy and contempt as *new comers*—*new comers*? Are not the unhappy divisions between constitutionalists and republi-

cans, enough to impede and prevent the welfare and happiness of the state? Must more distinctions and differences be created, in order to counteract the efforts of true patriots to promote the common good? The monitorial page of history warns mankind incessantly, to beware of the shoals and quicksands to be dreaded from intestine divisions. The death-bed maxim of Micipsa, given to Jugurtha, "By unanimity weak states gather strength; by discord, powerful ones fall to ruin," has been wisely adopted as the motto of the United Provinces, and is equally applicable to the United States. To what was owing the fall of Carthage, of mighty Rome, of Mexico, of

Peru? To intestine-divisions. What fixed the power of the Macedonians in Greece?—What established the Romans in Greece, in Gaul, in Britain, and in almost all their conquests? What subjected Wales and Ireland to England? What crowned Henry the fifth of England in Paris? What prostrated China to the Tartars? What enabled three royal robbers to plunder Poland, and to strip it of some of its most valuable territories, and five millions of people? The intestine divisions of the inhabitants of those various countries. In fine, let history be carefully examined, and it will appear, that few empires, kingdoms, states, or republics, have ever

been destroyed, without internal discord being one of the primary causes. Surely, then, he must be a most dangerous enemy to this country, who endeavours to excite jealousy and disunion here, from which so many evil consequences must naturally and inevitably arise. Let all such persons meet with the detestation and scorn they merit. Let the Americans, to use the words of this paragraphist, "give a preference to our old citizens," whenever their merit and abilities entitle them to it. But should the *new comer* be found to possess those qualities in a higher degree, let him not be exposed to neglect, abuse, or scurrility, merely because, actuated by a

love of liberty, he has given this country a preference to his own, and abandoned his friends and relatives to coalesce with the inhabitants of America, who, as general Washington declares in his farewell address, "HAVE OPENED AN ASYLUM FOR THE OPPRESSED AND DISTRESSED OF ALL NATIONS."

As this is a subject on which many well meaning persons have been led to form very erroneous opinions, by the artful insinuations of designing men, it will be allowable to pursue it a little further. In Europe, the importance of preventing emigration is fully understood; and in most states no pains are spared to chain the in-

habitants to the soil. To entice artists and manufacturers from Britain is a high crime and misdemeanor; and, according to Chambers, in the same country, artificers in iron, steel, brass or other metal, or in wool, going out of the kingdom into any foreign country, without licence, are liable to be imprisoned three months, and fined any sum not exceeding one hundred pounds. And those who go abroad, and do not return on warning given by the British ambassadors, are disabled from holding lands by descent or devise, from receiving any legacy, &c. and are deemed aliens. It is the same in several other states of Europe. Edward the third who

established the woollen manufacture in England, effected it by enticing some weavers from Flanders. Such was the origin of that trade which forms the basis of English opulence and commerce to this day. May not some of the emigrants from Europe, establish manufactures here which in time will prove equally lucrative and beneficial? The impolicy of Lewis the fourteenth in revoking the edict of Nantz, and the consequent emigration from France of hundreds of thousands of valuable artists and manufacturers, imparted various arts to Germany, Holland, and England, whereof France had had an almost entire monopoly. Among these we may



enumerate the manufacture of paper, silk, looking glasses, &c. &c. The expulsion of the Moors from Spain tended greatly to the impoverishment of that country, and to the abridgment of its manufactures, trade, and commerce. Are not these and numerous other instances which might be adduced, sufficient to prove how far sage policy requires America to hold out every possible encouragement to industrious persons to migrate here, with their acquirements, their property, and their families? What then shall we say of those who are incessantly heaping scurrility and abuse on them? The answer is obvious. They must be either ignorant, illiberal, and

mean persons: or those who have some selfish or party purpose to answer by such a vile conduct. If the former be the case, they claim our pity or contempt: if the latter, our hatred.

“ When caps among a crowd are thrown,  
“ Each man is sure to take his own.”

Philadelphia, Aug. 30, 1786.

[From the Philadelphia Gazette.]

## THEATRICUS.

NUMBER I.

‘ Careless of censure—nor too fond of fame,  
 ‘ Still pleas’d to praise—yet not afraid  
 ‘ to blame.  
 ‘ Averse, alike, to flatter or offend.’

POPE.

Mr. CHALMERS.

**T**HIS gentleman is, in some respects, the first performer in America. In others, he is second to Mr. Hodgkinson, who, as a general actor, stands undoubtedly at the head of his profession.

In genteel comedy, the palm must be given to Mr. Chalmers. In this

department he stands unrivalled. His Belcour cannot be excelled. He shines with distinguished lustre in this character, which is drawn in the happiest manner, and with all the fire and animation of a Congreve or Farquhar. To the violent passions—the punctilious sense of honour—the magnanimity of this son of the torrid zone, Cumberland could not wish more complete justice done.

His Belville, in the school for wives, is nearly equal to Belcour. He assumes the variety that marks this character, with the utmost ease and propriety—and is by turns an affectionate, though a dissolute husband—an abandoned seducer—and a man of such true

honor, as to refuse to raise his arm, except in self-defence, against him whom he has endeavoured to injure in the tenderest point, his sister's virtue.

His Modely, in the Farm House, gives the fullest expression to the author's ideas. The licentious manners, the depravity of principle, the fascinating affability of this well-drawn portrait, sit on him as easy as the dress he wears.

In the Clandestine Marriage, he does ample justice to the eccentricities of that variegated character, Lord Ogleby—to his gallant and amiable attentions to the fair sex—to

his vanity—to his generosity—and to his affectation of pristine vigour, while groaning under the excruciating tortures, arising from his dissolute life.

His Vapid, in the Dramatist, is by no means inferior to the former. To this character and that of Marplot, in the Busy Body, it may be objected, that they are not within, they are beyond nature. They carry the improbable conspicuously stamped on their foreheads. Mr. Chalmers, however, by his excellent performance, almost induces the spectator to believe these personages not only probable, but actually before his eyes.

In no character, perhaps, does he shine to more advantage, than in Peter Puff, in the Critic. To equal him in this, is difficult—to excel him, impossible. This part requires incessant exertion; and the spectator is lost in astonishment, at the unabated life and spirit, displayed for an hour and a half, during which mind and body have hardly a moment's relaxation. The humorous extemporaneous flights in which he occasionally indulges, give the highest possible seasoning to the intellectual feast. He has seldom attempted low comedy. But when he has, his success has been considerable. His Trappanti, in *She Would and She Would Not*,

is perfectly natural, and puts in the most conspicuous light all the roguery, cunning, and humour, that Cibber bestowed on the character.

I have but seldom seen him in tragedy, and am therefore not fully competent to pass an opinion on him as a tragedian. So far, however, as I have seen, his abilities in this line are inferior to those he displays in the former. In awful or terrific scenes, he verges towards rant—he works himself into a degree of violent passion, which often affrights, but sometimes fails of exciting the sensibility of the spectator.

His Hamlet is, however, extremely well performed. In the interview



with his mother, he is truly great—and likewise when the players represent their tragedy before the king and queen.

His La Motte, in Fontainville Forest, is not equal to the former. This character is hardly natural, and is therefore the more difficult to represent. However, the storm of conflicting passions, by which he is impelled forward to the perpetration of the crime that threw him into the power of Lord Montault, is fully and forcibly expressed in his countenance and manner.

To conclude, Mr. Chalmers possesses all the essential qualifications that constitute a capital performer.

His address is easy and unconstrained—he hardly ever requires the Prompter's aid—his delivery is equally becoming and natural in the volubility of Peter Puff—the airy flights of Belcour—the seductive sophistry of Belville—or the tardy but monitory repentance of Beverly.

March, 1795.

## NUMBER II.

Mrs. WHITLOCK.

PERHAPS I shall not be charged with injustice or partiality, when I venture to pronounce this lady the first actress in America. In Tragedy, she stands at a great distance from every rival; and her abilities in genteel comedy are very great, far beyond what are usually met with in those who excel in the former department. In the terrific, the awful, the pathetic scenes of highly finished tragedy, she has an unlimited command over

the feelings of the spectators. And it not unfrequently happens, that hardy veterans, unappalled in the field of battle, bear testimony, by the trickling tears, “ coursing each other down their cheeks,” to her astonishing powers. I have never seen a performer, not even excepting the far-famed Mrs. Seddons, who has been able to excite in me such highly pleasurable emotions, as I have repeatedly experienced from the excellent performance of Mrs. Whitlock.

In that unfeeling character, Lady Macbeth, she displays, in its genuine colours, that headlong ambition, which stifles the voice of humanity, of loyalty, of honour, and of female timidity.

Her madness is admirably counterfeited.

In Milton's Masque of Comus, she adds new dignity, by the force of the most excellent delivery, to the exalted sentiments of that great writer.

Who, that has seen her Mrs. Beverley, in the Gamester, can withhold admiration and applause, at the tendernefs, the sensibility, the distress, she so naturally exhibits in the various stages of this useful, this instructive tragedy?

Eliza Ratcliffe, in the Jew, is by no means so interesting as the former character; however, her sensibility and terror, on the rupture between her husband and brother—her perfect reli-

ance on the honour of the former, when he solemnly promises to avoid any further quarrel—her respectful behaviour to Sir Stephen Bertram, in their interview—her anxiety and suspense, when she apprehends his congratulations on her supposed sudden good fortune, are only ironical reproaches of her real poverty—and her joy at the happy reconciliation between her husband and his family, are expressed with great justice and propriety.

In the Orphan, she performs *Monimia*, in a capital manner. Her well expressed love for the gentle *Castalio*, and dislike for the brutal *Polydore*—her agonizing torture at the scorn and

contempt she experiences from her husband—her horror at the disclosure of the incestuous, but involuntary connections with her brother-in-law—and her subsequent madness and death, cannot fail of receiving the loudest tributes of applause from every judicious spectator. And could excellence of acting compensate for the grossest fundamental errors of a dramatic composition, Mrs. Whitlock in *Monimia*, Mr. Chalmers in *Chamont*, Mr. Whitlock in *Acasto*, and Mr. Moreton in *Castalio*, might warrant a repetition of this tragedy. But the grossness of many of the sentiments expressed by Polydore—the disgusting incident on which the entire inte-

rest of the piece turns—and the multiplied butchery which closes it, ought to consign the Orphan to eternal oblivion.

In that finished portrait, Lady Eleanor Irwin, in *Every one has his Fault*, she appears to as much advantage, as in any of the characters she assumes. Filial tenderness and affection spurned to the ground by an unrelenting and hard-hearted father, cannot possibly find expression beyond what she exhibits. The corroding cares of a tender wife, whose loved and loving husband is in danger of an ignominious death, are most pathetically depicted in her countenance, and by sympathy affect the spectators with a portion of her



distress. But what can be beyond the grand scene in which she discovers her long-lost son, and struggles between her regard for him and her love for his father, whether, at the expense of the former, she shall keep the fatal pocket-book, or restore it, to the danger of the latter? This exquisite treat for feeling minds is hardly equalled—but certainly not excelled by any scene ever written in our language; and to the praise of Mrs. Whitlock, it must be said, that the merit of the actress is at least equal to that of the author.

To conclude. Mrs. Whitlock has a dignified carriage; her pronounciation is animated; her voice and her coun-

tenance are capable of every inflection necessary to express the most opposite emotions and passions, with the utmost promptitude—her memory is so good, and her application so assiduous, as to leave her little indebted to the prompter's aid—and, except her person, which approaches towards the masculine, she has every qualification desirable in an actress.



## NUMBER III.

Mr. HARWOOD.

**T**HIS gentleman, who, perhaps, ranks next to Mr. Chalmers, among the male performers, is in high favour with the amateurs of the drama.—At his entré here, he attracted little attention—but suddenly came forward with great and unexpected eclat.

The first character in which he made a considerable figure, was that of Dr. Lenitive, in the prize, or 2, 3, 5, 8, in which he charmed the spec-

tators, by his humour and originality—the avarice of this disciple of Galen, his gross ignorance, his ridiculous pedantry, his upstart pride, on his supposed good fortune, were most admirably personated. The spectator was led into that agreeable delusion which deceives him into a belief, that the transient scene is acting on the great stage of the world, which constitutes the chief merit of a good performer.

His Fretful Plagiary is even superior to Lenitive. He does complete justice to the testiness of this literary shark, and to his affected indifference for and agonizing torture under the cauterizing criticisms of the newspaper writers.

His Walter in the delightful after-piece of the Children in the Wood, is well performed, but inferior to Hodgkinson's.—However, he has improved considerably in the successive representations. His song of “Dorothy Dump” is extremely well sung, and accompanied with natural and highly humorous gestures. In the interview with Oliver, whom he endeavors to dissuade from his intention of murdering the infants, and in the scene where they are brought in by their parents, he is equal to Hodgkinson. The parts in which he is inferior, are, when he is discovered by Sir Rowland, and throughout in his courtship with Josephine, which Mr.

Hodgkinson represents with more true nature and grace.

His Sir David Dunder, in Ways and Means, gives great satisfaction. His articulation is particularly adapted to the volubility of this hospitable knight; as likewise to that of

Prattle, in the Deuce is in Him, in which his performance was extremely natural.

His Jabal in Cumberland's Jew, was received with great applause, as he filled the character with perfect propriety.

In the Baron of Oakland, Haunted Tower, Fulmer in the West-Indian, and the Planter in Yarico and Inkle, he appeared to no great advantage.

In the first, the affected dignity of the base usurper did not seem to become him.

In Old Barnacle in the Romp, he displays the rough *noli-me-tangere* manners of a boisterous son of the waves, extremely well.

His Canton, in the Clandestine Marriage, is as good a representation of the finicking, fantastic, and fawning manners, bestowed in most English plays on French characters, as any I have seen. But it is to be hoped, that in "this country of good sense," we will rise superior to the despicable and odious vice of holding up the inhabitants of any country, or professors of any sect, as objects of

ridicule, to gratify our over-weening vanity by the flattering comparison.

His Mayor of Coventry and Jeffery Latimer are judiciously played and command great approbation.

From his great success in humorous characters, it was hardly supposed that his powers were calculated to do justice to the tenderness of conjugal love. But who enjoyed the exquisite pleasure communicated by the interview with his Sall in the Purse, that did not instantly acknowledge how egregious was the mistake? Garrick himself could hardly have exceeded him in this scene, had he played the part. It was affecting to the highest degree. The soul that



can be unmoved at such a capital display of the most interesting emotions of the human breast, must partake largely of the nature of "the rugged rhinoceros, or the Russian bear." Indeed, throughout the whole of the *Purse*, his performance is highly just and natural.

To conclude. Mr. Harwood is an extremely valuable actor. His merits in many characters are of the first rate. He can assume as great a variety of countenance and manner as any performer in this city. His articulation is either rapid as the falls of Niagara, or slow and stately as the meandering Susquehanna, according to the characters he represents. He is, however,

often indebted to Mr. Rowson's aid —which, whether it arises from defect of memory, or want of application, is certainly a considerable drawback on the gratification received from his performance. He is young, and improving, and bids fair, at no very distant period, to arrive at a very uncommon degree of reputation in his profession.



## NUMBER IV.

Mrs. MARSHALL.

THIS enchanting little actress possesses as high a degree of favour as any performer that ever appeared in America. Nature has been uncommonly liberal to her. She has a pleasing figure, and a prepossessing countenance, which, if any dependance is to be placed on physiognomy, is “the title page to a most captivating volume.” Her voice is sweet and harmonious. She sings agreeably, and more naturally, than some; whose vocal

powers and execution are far superior to hers, in the opinion of the amateurs.

Her performance of the Country Girl has been pronounced by competent judges nearly equal to that of the celebrated Mrs. Jordan, who, in England, is regarded as having arrived at the *acme* of excellence in this character. The craft and artifice, bestowed by native instinct, to counteract the selfish and base designs of her superannuated guardian, are admirably covered by the most natural and imposing simplicity.

Her Edward, in *Every One has his Fault*, is equal to any of her characters. She divides with Mrs. Whitlock the merit of that most admira-

ble scene, in which the mother and son discover each other. Her well-supported suspense and anxiety, while torn with rival passions—gratitude to her grandfather for his protection, and irresistible filial love for her mother—cannot be too highly praised. The distress she displays, at parting with her grandfather, when love triumphs over gratitude, is highly natural.

In the Spoiled Child, she is always received with unbounded applause. Never did pert ill-mannered boy with more nature, naiveté, and spirit, harass an old-maidish aunt, or play on the foibles, and take advantage of the blind side of a doting fond father,

than this actress. She assumes the dress, and with the dress the genuine manner of the young tarpaulin, with the utmost ease. And in this disguise, one time of performance, she received as genuine a tribute, as was ever bestowed. The story has been already told in the papers; but I shall, I hope, be pardoned for repeating it here. A sailor in the pit, was so charmed with the air, the manner, of her singing the song

“Yo yea,”

that he emptied his pocket of his last dollar, which he threw on the stage, to testify his satisfaction at the performance of “the little gem’man,” as he termed her. But, poor fellow, he

was rather roughly handled ; for the action being mistaken for an insult, he was driven out of the house, amidst the hisses and abuse of the spectators.

In Emily, in the Deuce is in Him, her performance is natural and spirited. But nature, in choosing the materials for her composition, threw in an over proportion of the risible. Humour and merriment are, therefore, her predominant qualities. Nature sometimes triumphs, in spite of every effort to disguise or counteract her. This was never more perceptible, than in the interview with her limping lover, colonel Tamper, whose awkward and disfigured appearance so completely tickled her fancy, that she could not

resist the impulse to laughter, at a moment when she wished to appear in the utmost distress. The same circumstance has occurred on some other occasions. It is hoped the little charmer will attend to this friendly hint, and in serious parts, lay in a suitable stock of gravity.

In Priscilla Tomboy, she is hardly equal to Mrs. Hodgkinson, who shines in this character.

Her Josephine is extremely well performed, and I think superior to Mrs. Hodgkinson's. In the lover's altercation, and in parting with the children, her merits are very great.

In Lydia Languish, she represents to advantage, the novel-reading miss.



The disappointment of her scheme of an elopement—her chagrin at the mortifying prospect of being thrice called in church, and kissed by the greasy church-warden—and her resentment at the imposition practised upon her, are unexceptionably well played.

Her Moggy M'Gilpin, in the Highland Reel, is truly excellent.

Her Page, in the purse, is highly interesting. Her song of

“ When I was a little he,”

is enchanting. The display of affection for her mother, on the perusal of her letter, and the pathos of her intreaties for a continuance of her patron's friendship, are chefs d'œuvre.

In fine. Mrs. Marshall may, as a general actress, aspire at a first rank in America.—The degree of favour she acquired on her arrival here, being founded on the base of intrinsic excellence, has gained additional strength in proportion as she has been the subject of critical examination. She can with equal ease, grace, and propriety assume the forward, pouting airs of an awkward country minx—the impertinence of a rude boy, better fed than taught—the staid manners of a well-educated lady—and the softness and tenderness of a Juliet. In all her extensively variegated line of acting, she meets with well earned plaudits. And it is to be hoped, that she will

ever bear strongly impressed in mind the large share of esteem she has at stake—and be as careful in preserving, as she has been happy in acquiring, the unanimous good wishes of her liberal patrons, the citizens of Philadelphia.

ADVANTAGES  
OF  
OVER-TRADING.

*In a Letter to a Friend.*

=

DEAR SIR,

YOU have asked my opinion respecting over-trading, of which you seem to be highly afraid. But I hope so clearly to point out its advantages, as to remove all your scruples, and to induce you to pursue the steps of so many of your fellow citizens, who enjoy all the comforts and conveniences of this laudable practice.

With all my partiality for it, I freely acknowledge, that its benefits do not appear very evident, but at particular seasons, and during times of stagnation.—When business is brisk, one is tempted to overlook the advantages. But he must be a most incorrigible sceptic, that can doubt its blessings, when money is scarce, when trade is dull, when banks curtail discounts, &c.

In the first place, during the winter and summer months, when business is at a stand, and nothing doing, what resource can a man have, who has not over-traded, to keep himself employed? None. He is devoured by vapours, by ennui, by listlessness.

Time hangs on his hands a heavy burden.

But mark the contrast. The man who has run himself comfortably in debt, to the amount of 15, 20, or 30,000 dollars, has not an unemployed vacant hour, day or night. As soon as he rises in the morning, he has to exercise himself in walking over the city to borrow a few dollars here and there—What a charming opportunity it gives a man to see his acquaintance! How acceptable must his visits be, which are certain title-pages to a beggarly request for money! What a touchstone he is to prove the sincerity of his friends!—When he lies down at night, slumber flies from his pillow,

and his whole attention is turned to devise fiscal arrangements for the following day.

As times grow worse, these comforts increase. You have the pleasure sometimes of borrowing daily, to pay the succeeding morning or afternoon. What a respectable sight it is, to behold you or your clerk, sneaking to the bank after the directors have gone away, to anticipate, by a few hours, the knowledge of their decision upon the notes you have offered! What a mournful countenance you exhibit, when your notes are returned to you, hanging out of your book, with the mark of the beast on them! How you puff and blow running about

from street to street, to borrow money, and get into bank before three o'clock! What a number of promises you make, impossible to be performed!

As the climax rises, new shifts open to your view. To over-draw is a most capacious one. It stays for a while the impending torrent of distress. What a charming exercise for your dexterity, to keep your book out of the hands of the clerks, lest they should seize it, and expose how frequently the balance is on the wrong side!

When borrowing is at an end, and the clerks of the banks grow too wary to allow you to over-draw, a further advantage arises. You are



introduced to the acquaintance of that very worthy and conscientious race of men, who seem born for the relief of persons in distress. I mean the friendly class of usurers. You may at first hire money of them, at one per cent. a month—afterwards at two—and, as their *charity* grows with your distress, it will probably rise to four or five, if your sufferings should be so great as to excite an extraordinary degree of sympathy in their tender hearts.

You will probably think that this is the *ne plus ultra* of the advantages of this mode of doing business. So did I at first. But I soon discovered my mistake. Rats, they say, desert a

sinking ship. They are warned by the instinct bestowed on them by mother nature. The usurers possess an instinct similar to this—and generally smell out a sinking firm, from which they contrive to make an early escape. Then your acquaintance extends further. A worthy man, whom they call a notary public, kindly calls on you, brightens up your recollection of a note you forgot to pay at bank, and demands payment, which you are not able to make. This visit, supposing you are possessed of any sensibility, displays your countenance to great advantage. The pleasing mixture of charming red with which it

flushes your cheeks, heightens your natural beauties to the utmost degree.

I have not noticed the amount of the interest you pay. Supposing you to have the moderate sum of 12,000 dollars of bank money in trade, you do not pay much more than 1,000 dollars a year. This is a mere bagatelle, unworthy of notice. Indeed, were it not for some such drain as this, it would be impossible to find employment for the immense profits of trade at present.

Another advantage which I passed over, is, the improvement in politeness and good behaviour, which you derive from your cringing visits to directors and presidents of banks—

your dancing attendance at their levees—your requests, they will be so kind as to pay attention to your notes, &c.

I might extend the enumeration much farther—but shall conclude for the present with the observation, that the man who involves himself by over-trading, has, in the fullest sense of the words, “*taken up his cross*”—a cross which half a life may be too little to enable him to lay down again.

I am, with esteem,

Yours, &c.

OBSERVATIONS  
ON THE  
BADNESS OF THE TIMES.

=

Oct. 19, 1785.

ARE the present times, really and *bona fide*, as distressing and calamitous, as they are universally said to be? This question, which to many will appear as ridiculous as to demand, does the sun preside over the day, is asked with all the coolness and gravity of a stoic, and a serious answer is requested. Locke has somewhere observed, that a want of af-

certaining with precision the ideas conveyed by words in general use, is one of the most abundant sources of human ignorance and error. Perhaps, without incurring the charge of paradox, it may be added, that the most familiar terms are often least understood. The *ignobile vulgus*, (with “reverence due and submission” be it said, five-sixths of mankind) pick up a set of phrases, which they repeat, parrot-like, by rote, without conceiving any clear idea of them, or being able, if required, to define their meaning,—Lest, therefore, our ideas of distress and calamity should not coincide with those of our readers, we will ask a question or two.—What is

distress?—What is calamity?—Some folk, very probably, think it *mighty distressing*, that a man who begins business with a slender capital, or perhaps on the *broad bottom* of a patched-up credit, cannot keep his country house, his phæton, his chaise, or even his pair of horses; that he cannot have above half a dozen dishes smoking on his table every day—nor entertain his friends *en homme comme il faut*. This is all the fault of the *damned bad times!*—It is, indeed, *mighty calamitous*, that the blind goddess Fortune should have been so unkind to many *funny boys, hearty fellows, jovial souls, sprightly lads,* and others of that noble fraternity, as

to have made them sons and heirs of poverty and empty purse, at the same time that “Nature indulgently endowed them with all the *innocent desires, appetites, wishes and passions,*” of dukes and earls;” so that while they have all the faculties and talents requisite to shine with *wonderful eclat,* in the sporting away some thousands per annum, they are obliged to confine themselves to the *obscurity and insignificance* of their stores—*What a pitiable case!*—It is also *dreadfully distressing,* that a clerk or shopkeeper, who is *charitably and innocently* disposed to provide for a *female friend,* in some retired country spot, such as Kensington, Germantown, &c.—ride



out ten or a dozen miles to dinner on Sundays—play a few games at billiards now and then—*keep it up* two or three nights in the week—and indulge himself in various other *equally harmless* modes of recreation, should be obliged, by the *general dullness of the times*, to stupify himself *plodding over his waste-books, his journals and his ledgers*, or *warming his toes*, kicking the threshold of his employer's door—and all this owing to the *deadness of the season, bad times, scarcity of money, stagnation of trade, &c.*—Is it not also *a most lamentable consideration*, that an artizan or mechanic, who could find a thousand *laudable ways* of recreating himself at *billiards*,

*bowls, tennis, all fours, &c.* or over his glass of *cherry bounce*, his *brandy-sling*, or his *bowl of bub*, should be obliged, by the mere severity of the times, to work six days in the week, at *so very low a rate* as five, six, seven, or eight dollars?—Hard must be the heart of him who can hear of all those *unparalleled miseries and distresses*, without shedding — *tears of blood*.—We may justly cry out with the Mantuan bard—“*Quis, talia fando, temperet a lacrymis?*”

A truce with irony—or (as the four cynic will say) with nonsense. Do not people in general live comfortably here? Have not bankruptcies (the most infallible *criteria* of bad times)

subsided for a considerable time past? Do not manufacturers ordinarily find a ready vent for all the goods they make? Is not the number of unemployed mechanics very small?—If the intelligent reader shall answer these questions in the affirmative, it is an obvious inference, that the present times cannot, in strict propriety of language, be called calamitous or distressing.

Whoever pursues this very interesting reflection to a greater extent, will probably agree, that of the few who give themselves the trouble of thinking, by far the major part have only confused ideas of even the most familiar terms; whence all their premises

and conclusions are involved in a chaos. This is the only mode of accounting for the universality of the outcry against the misery of the times. That there is vastly less money here at present than immediately subsequent to the conclusion of the late war, is incontestible: but with nations as with individuals, happiness depends not upon wealth. Is the cit, possessed of his tens of thousands, or the planter, owner of boundless acres, and numerous corps of the swarthy victims of his avarice and pride, intrinsically happier than the merry cobbler, who sits in his stall, singing,

“ I care for nobody, no, not I,

“ If nobody cares for me!”

Are the lazy enervate sons of Mexico and Peru, who annually deluge Europe with their gold, silver, and precious stones, happier than the hardy, innocent, and poor inhabitants of Switzerland? In the scale of reason and common sense, doubtless not. To pursue this analogy :

“Reason’s whole pleasure—all the joys of sense

“Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.”

So sung Pope, relatively to the happiness of individuals : what is true of them will equally hold with respect to aggregate bodies—for whatever constitutes the happiness of one man, should equally conduce (whim and

caprice excluded) to that of his neighbour—and so on, *ad infinitum*. It is unnecessary to add, that if each member of a society be happy, the society itself must consequently be so. What is deducible from this?—That Pennsylvania, possessing a *healthy* climate—being in the enjoyment of *peace*—and producing more than is necessary to procure a supply of all those articles (if any such there be) which she must have recourse to foreign nations for, [i. e. in other words, being possessed of a *competence*] if she be not really happy, she must charge it to the account of her own folly, imprudence, and party squabbles.

THE END.

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